ANTI-DIABO-LADY.

K

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO ALL

THE WOMEN

11630. c. 9
16

IN

HER MAJESTY's DOMINIONS,

IN GENERAL;

AND TO

THE BEST OF THEM

IN PARTICULAR,

Calculated to expoſe the Malevolence of the AUTHOR of

DIABO-LADY.

LONDON:

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And Sold by

DIVO-IVDA

VALI-DIVO-IVDA

DEDICATION.

LADIES,

ALTHO' the original Inſtitution of the Liberty of the Preſs has been ſo often ſhamefully perverted, yet the Liberty itſelf ſhould not be deſtroy'd; as it wou'd not only undoubtedly deprive many Individuals of a fair opportunity of defending themſelves, or their Friends, but produce an Evil at leaſt equal, if not ſuperior to any which could ariſe from publick or private illiberal Attacks on People's moſt ſacred private Concerns, which ſhould in Juſtice be under no Laſh, but that, which the Laws of the Land authoriſe.—

And Sold by

It therefore becomes neceſſary for People of Abilities, and a well turn'd Mind to publiſh their opinions from time to time, that Slander may not be able to raiſe her baneful head, and ride triumphant over the innocent, and often defenceleſs, Part of Mankind; and that Candour, the juſt Opponent to that growing Monſter, may ſometimes ſhew her fair Form; and bury this Enemy to Mankind in general in the midſt of her ſeeming Glory. Vice muſt grow in Proportion as Slander gains ground, as it takes the ſtrongeſt Poſſeſſion of the Ear, and all know the Heart is to be viciated by the Ear as much as the Eye; they are equal in Regard to Cuſtom, and the Influences produc'd thereby have much more Sway than is uſually imagined over the general Diſpoſitions of Mankind, eſpecially where they are almoſt unboundedly permitted, as they are by the Police of this Country.

The mean Subterfuges to avoid the Law of ſcandalum Magnatum are not to be conquer'd but by the aforeſaid Method, or ſome ſimilar thereto; and I much lament that the Abettors of Slander ſeem to glory in their Majority, while the Advocates for Candour ſit contentedly ſilent in a Minority. Whether they think the baſeneſs of their Cauſe will exhauſt itſelf or not I can't tell, but I am certain their Strength and Numbers increaſe in proportion to a Want of Oppoſition.

'Tis on that Score only, that I have presumed (not seeing others, better qualify'd, make the Attempt) to offer the Publick a few undigested Thoughts, which immediately occur'd to me on reading a Pamphlet lately published entitled "DIABO-LADY, which I do not undertake to write against so much in particular, as general Terms; as it struck me with an Idea, that the bare Recital of Vice, whether it existed or not, might be productive of an Introduction thereto; some Minds, not being sufficiently fortify'd by proper Ideas to avoid any bewitching Snare under the Denomination of fashionable Pleasure.

The Author seems to betray a shameful Attempt to detract the Characters of many Ladies in the most elevated Stations of Life, and wos the Mark of Candour; which renders the Piece more scandalous; and whether it be true, or false, since he acknowledges his Ignorance thereof, it can never fail of producing the worst Consequences to every One who retains the least Idea of Morality.

As I do not pretend to Stile or Correctness, and as this was written in a few hours, I hope the good Intentions therein

proposed

proposed will be admitted as an Apology for any faults which may be found in a professed Enemy to Slander.

I am

LADIES,

Your most respectful Friend,

ANTI-DIABO-LADY—

P. S. As there are but few explanatory Notes in this Piece the Author hopes the Reader will find them as pleasurable as he found them necessary—

ANTI-DIABO-LADY.

AS virtuous Acts ſhou'd never be conceal'd
So vicious Ones ſhou'd never be reveal'd.
'Tis from Example that we imitate,
For Vice or Virtue follow'd, ſtamps our Fate.

ANTI-DIABO-LADY.

What can DIABO-LADY wiſh, or mean,
Undignifying thus the Devil's Queen?

And Sold by

Were he to rake the Aſhes of all HELL,

And all the different Scenes preſumptive tell;

What Profit? why-- the diabolick Elf

Wou'd only prove that he'd been there himſelf.

Who boaſt themſelves as great Adepts in evil,

Frequenting ev'ry ‡ Court held by the Devil,

Can never boaſt a Work that's good or great,

So I'll pronounce DIABO-LADY's Fate.

His firſt Piece now is in its laſt Edition,

For Fame is not acquired by SEDITION.

The human Sight, moſt ſurely, firſt was giv'n

To contemplate the pureſt Road to Heav'n,

To chuſe a Path deſtructive Ways to ſhame,

And

‡ Diabo-lady ſeems to impute Vice as the reigning Principle in every Place of public Diverſion: Nothing can be a greater Proof of a diabolical Heart.

And learn to praiſe before we dare to blame;
But this fell-Author quitted long ago
† Parnaſſus Foot, for LADY DIABO.

[Hint on

How mean the Wretch who dar'd to broach a
The Want of Conduct in brave Gen'ral C - T - N,
A little time clear'd up the baſe Miſtake,
As little ſhou'd have made the Author quake.
But now alas! each DIABO can write,
Whoſe Name wou'd be obſcure, if brought to light.

Ladies

† DIABO-LADY ne'er went up Mount Parnaſſus, he has proved himſelf better qualify'd for the Regions below

And Sold by

Ladies * * * * * * }
* * * * * * }
* * * * * * * }

your pardon I am at a ſtand.
I have a long Digreſſion near at hand,
Which, tho' it may a little vary Meaſure,
It's ne'er the leſs intended to give Pleaſure.

I'd have ye all (without preamble)
To know that I like § DIAB ramble
From Play-houſe or the Coterie
Down to the Houſe of Poetry
Thro' Grub-ſtreet to'ther Day I paſt,
I think the week before the laſt
I ſaw a Houſe in Conflagration,
Stept in to make ſome Obſervation.
There neither was a front nor ſide
Nor any Wall to it beſide

A

§ DIABO-LADY

A few black Beams remain'd a croſs,
By each ſide Houſe ſecur'd from Loſs.
An Explanation you'll deſire,
In ſhort the Houſe had been on fire.
The Stairs remain'd, up which I went,
But e'er I reach'd the Top, was ſpent.
I ſtopt a little near the Attick,
I ſaw a figure Aſiatick,
Meagre and pale, aghaſt, and thin,
Cover'd with Rags up to his Chin.
But when I came to cloſe Inſpection,
I own it made me all Dejection.
I feel you wiſh this Wretch to know,
It was poor Brother Diabo.
He ſtarted, when he ſaw me there,
And every Start turn'd to a Stare,
He look'd ſo ghaſtly, that I vow
My Brother I cou'd ſcarcely know.

I ask'd him how he came to be
Involved thus in Misery
Philosophy makes Ills endur'd
Said he, my House was too † assur'd.
And now, to add unto my Loss,
All my affairs run plaguy cross;
I've wrote against the Fair, the Lover,
Insurers wont let me recover,
I'll change my Name, for that's one Way
To cheat Ones Creditors a Day.
He starts again, then dropt to sleep,
When I around the Room did peep.
There was no Roof, so 'tis no Wonder,
Against the Stars that he should thunder.
He wakes, and trembling, thus relates,
What was decreed him by the Fates.

Said

† Alluding to insuring Houses for more than Value; but in this Case his Assurance in his Works.

Said he, when firſt I dropt aſleep,
Some Spectres full on me did peep,
In Forms of Stars, beyond all Meaſure,
And ſwore I'd rob'd them of a § Treaſure
" I drew my Sword without a Blade,
" Amongſt the Stars great Havock made;
" They vow'd if I had no Repentance,
" They wou'd pronounce this fatal Sentence,
" Juſtice demands, as you've done Evil,"
" That you ſhould breakfaſt with the Devil."
On which a Dialogue enſu'd,
Which I'll relate, not to obtrude.
Anti-D- I never thought to ſee Thee more,
But ſtill Humanity's great Score,
Oblig'd me from a firm Belief
Quickly to give you ſome Relief

Dear

§ Alluding to his Aſteriſms attacking People's Good Names—

D. Dear Brother ANTI I am ready
(I know you always have been ſteady)
To take Advice, ſo good you know
To come and ſee me in this Woe.

Anti-D. You've us'd your Tongue and Pen ſo free
I fear you've loſt our Pedigree;
And every Name like DIABO,
Unto the Devil ſoon muſt go.
To write againſt the Petticoat!
Was Diaboliek without Doubt.
Suppoſe you hate its Government,
It's Int'reſt will procure Content:
You attack the fair Creation!
What cou'd follow but D - m - ti - n?

Diab. I dread. I know not what to do,
I've no Reliance but on you.

Anti D- A lucky Thought is come moſt pat,
There hangs a ‡Shift, come put on that.
And as you walk along the † Street,
Accoſt the firſt Female you meet;
But don't be rude, for on my Soul,
One ſtroke of Rudeneſs ſpoils the whole.
I've wrote your dying Speech, 'tis here,
Give it the Woman d' ye hear;
And let her cry it through the Streets,
To fix it in each Ear ſhe meets;
And you to hide yourſelf had beſt
Skulk under Petticoat for Reſt.

Diab. With all Submiſſion I obey'd,
And thank my ***** Stars am in the Shade.

E Are

‡ Alluding to a Smock or Linen generally hanging to dry in Garetteer Poets Rooms.

† Grub-Street

***** Such Slander as is attempted by DIABO-LADY's Aſteriſms is I think ſufficient to put any Author in the Shade.

Are there no Writers of the preſent Age
To ſcourge this Miſcreant's diabolick Page?
Whoſe whole Delight's in Slander's venom'd Gall,
Detracting equally the Great and Small.
For Miniſters or Meaſures let him cavil,
But not revile a Chatham - Camden - Saville.

Methinks I hear DIABO-LADY ſay
Why touch at Miniſters or Meaſures pray?
Them to compare with Follies of the Sex,
My Purpoſes I think wou'd but perplex.
But if to me he'll deign to lend an Ear,
I'll quickly make the mighty Matter clear.

† Writers, nay Authors too, not long ago,
Whoſe Finances by 'th bye were but ſo ſo,

Wou'd

† The Reader may here ſuppoſe any Perſon who for the ſake of a Penſion or Emolument has proſtituted Pen and Principle.

Wou'd proſtitute their Pens and Conſcience too
In laſhing publick Meaſures falſe or true;
All know, by what a falſe and mean pretence
They rais'd themſelves to be of Conſequence.

But poor DIABO-LADY, thro' Miſtake,
In this Attempt his Fortune ne'er can make.
The Miniſters in Time may Mankind * poll
But DIABO the Ladies can't cajole,
For all that Writers 'gainſt the Fair have ſaid
Has never yet reform'd a ſingle Head.

I wiſh to know the meaning, or the End,
Of finding Faults which we can never mend.
The fair Sex riſe ſuperior to our § View;
In elevated Points continue true;

If

* A certain Tax ſuppos'd to be not far from Great Britain.

§ Alluding to Ladies high head Dreſs.

And Sold by J

If Conſtancy is then a Proof of Parts,
They prove their Heads are fix'd, if not their Hearts.

While poor DIABOL ſits immur'd in Walls,
And ſees his wretched Piece the Town appals,
He'll find the ſair deſerving of our Praiſe
In Forms unknown to him a Thouſand ways.
Let him no more on them his Wits perplex,
He only proves he does not know the Sex.

He that frequents § Pantheon ‡ Coterie
Shou'd be at leaſt polite in Poetry.
To point at Folks of elevated Breeding
Proves him deficient in the Art of Reading:
The modern Ton is now become ſo ſtrong,
It will but laugh at poor DIABOL's Song:

Strange

§ Alluding to the hardneſs of his Heart owing to his frequent diabolical Converſations.

‡ DIABO-LADY profeſſes himſelf well vers'd in theſe publick Amuſements, it is therefore wonderful that he ſhou'd be ſo very unpolite.

And Sold by I.

Strange that the Town ſhou'd thus be led aſtray,
By wretched Writers, ſhunning open Day,
Skulking obſcurely, wounding various ways,
The Characters of ſome, deſerving Praiſe.
If others err, why then ſhould I throw dirt?
And injure thoſe by whom I've not been hurt.

There certainly are Characters moſt helliſh
Who blame the Vices which themſelves wou'd reliſh,
Who ſtrive the virtuous Fair to lead aſtray,
And not ſucceeding curſe them the ſame Day;
Slander indite, with Pen brimful of Gall:
Succeſs had made it Panegyrick all.

Remark the Art DIABO-LADY uſes,
Wherein with Skill all Cenſure he abuſes,
And falſely thinks h'as made a lucky Hit
In ſaying, "Ladies chuſe a Cap to fit:

And Sold by I.

Some Scoundrel guilty of a Defamation,
Blasts on by Diabolick's † Constellation.

He gets a smatt'ring of some Ladies Name,
By which alone he will attack her Fame,
Which he lights up, from the most trifling Spark,
Declaring all the while he's in the Dark,
And knowing not sh'as ever been astray,
Leaves you to guess, while he points out the way.

Shall Slander, thus confus'd, unpunish'd go?
Or Innocence be overwhelm'd with Woe?
Shall Culprits Characters attack? and yet confess
They know them not, tho' Ast'risms make you guess.
When base Assassins spoil another's Rest
Th' intended smart shou'd fall on their own Breast.

If

† Alluding to DIABO-LADY's Astericks.

If DIABO ſhou'd ſee a Lord with Miſs,
He'd ſwear he ſaw the Lord the Lady kiſs,
And that he heaid them make a ſolemn League;
He'd quickly find a Rhyme for that——Intrigue;
Such Writers are contented with ſuch Stuff,
A Lord and Lady whiſpering's Sin enough.

As baſeſt Thoughts moſt readily impart,
Their ſtrongeſt Influence on the baſeſt Heart,
So trifling Faults may eaſily be brought
To paſs for vicious by an evil Thought:
Let thoſe who others blame obſerve with Care
To keep themſelves unblameable and fair.

Examples, light as Air, are quick convey'd
To Youth's ſoft Senſe, and are as ſoon pourtray'd.

If

** The Reader is deſired to obſerve that this is real Star and Garter all over, it being a true Imitation of the Sublime of DIABO-LADY, and ſaves a deal of blotting.

And Sold by J.

If great---unto Ambition, they'll aſpire;
If baſe, altho' they ſtrive they get no higher.
Parents and publick Writers muſt lament
Their Labours loſt in deeds of bad Intent.

The Child, who to his Parents Strength adheres,
Grows reſolute and ſtrong and nothing fears,
But he, who to his Father's weakneſs cleaves,
Of ev'ry firm Reſolve himſelf bereaves
Tho' this, or that, ſeems right or wrong in Boys
§ Parental Patterns only ſtamp the Choice.
Cuſtom and Nature are ſo near ally'd,
That one from t'other you can ſcarce divide.
'Tis difficult to keep a well known Sot
From graſping Ruin, by an Alehouſe ‡ Pot.

The

§ Alluding to the Turn of Mind given to Children from the Examples of their Parents— Juſt as the Twig is bent the Tree's inclin'd
POPE.

‡ This Part however ridiculous in appearance, is in Reality very grave; as it was penn'd at an Alehouſe near a Church Yard on ſeeing a Man drunk with Beer yet drawing near the Grave,—Oh! ſave me——I mean from Blotting.

And Sold by J.

The ſober Man avoids with utmoſt Care,
Intemp'rate Drinking, as a baneful Snare.

Scriblers, who write on no One Theme but Slander,
May form a Panegyrick on a Pander;
The baſer Subjects will employ their Mind,
As much as they to Baſeneſs are inclin'd:
A lofty Thought ſcarce falls unto their Lot;
An Oak is ſeldom planted in a Pot.

To write the Virtues of the Good is beſt
To make the Vices of the bad a Jeſt,
The firſt needs little more than to be ſhewn,
To make its glorious Offspring fully known.
To name the latter let Mankind avoid,
By that alone its Seeds can be deſtroyed.

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FINIS.

And Sold by J.

‡‡‡ The Author thinks the Expoſition of Vice can never tend to promote Virtue ſo much as the Repreſentation of Virtue itſelf; therefore he rather wiſhes viciuous Acts to be bury'd in Oblivion, for if they are repreſented to be committed by any one of high Rank, they may be eſteem'd by weak Minds worthy of Imitation; whereas the Publication of Acts of Virtue can never produce any Effect but a virtuous one, for let the Good Act be perform'd by any one of high or low Degree, and let the ſame be imitated by any other, ſtill the Conſequence will be Virtue. DIA-BO-LADY's whole Piece abounds with imputed Crimes, without making them appear hateful, he blazons them with Aſteriſms to point out elevated Characters as guilty Ones, and yet has the Effrontery to plead Innocence, by declaring that he does not mean to levell at any particular Perſons——It is a very confuſed and truly diabolical Piece.